

6d.

THE
LOYAL
MEDAL
VINDICATED.

A
POEM.

In behalf of ye Whigs.

Crescit sub pondere virtus.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. Janeway in Queens-Head Alley, 1682.
8 April.

TO THE

Disloyal Tories.

TO all I mean, except the Author of the Medal, for he being a Tory of two Editions, it seems impossible to appropriate his Genius more to King *Charles* than *Oliver Cromwell*. And if *Noll* was so kind (though a sawcy Tenant) to leave him as a Heriot of the Muses unto whomsoever should possess *Whitehall*, let none admire that he that could so Deifie an Usurper, does afterwards endeavour to expiate that Crime, by Torifying the Government of a Legal Monarch. And possibly he has been so happy, as to have been in both extreems rewarded accordingly.

It was a hard strain for *Hugh Peters* to have his Head pol'd on *London-Bridge*, and not a certain Poet bear him company, since they were both Inspir'd under the same *Olivarian Phæbus*. And if the first did sanctifie a Monster in his Pulpit Prose; the latter paid his Devotion as fully on the same Subject in Rhime. Should he con-

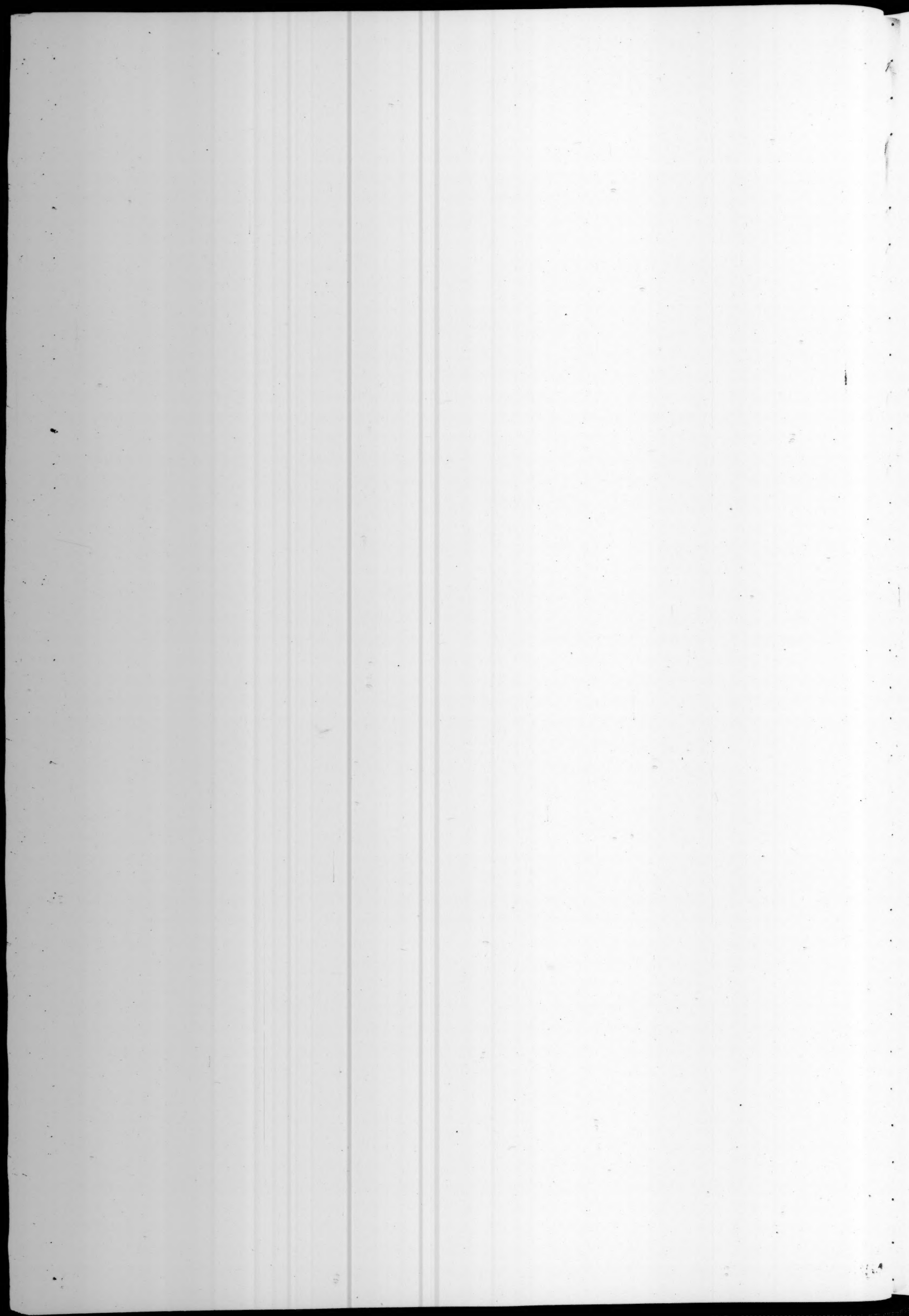
P R E F A C E.

strue this severe, he may take it as a small Return for the Reproachful Method by which he would expose the remembrance of this Incomparable Earl to a Spike on the top of the Tower. Or if any of his Tantivy Friends think this Retortion has not Veneration enough for a Person that has employed his Talent in their behalf (though he has that way most impudently traduced so many deserving Persons, by framing them into Actions, Things, and Methods below the Credit of any tollerable Invention) they may advance his Reputation as they please, or according to some practical Zeal, permit that he Rail himself into Office Ecclesiastical or Civil. And doubtless he is such an Impropropriator in point of Opinion, that he may be annexed to Church and State by any indifferent Emolument.

He that would duly inspect the Soul of an Artificial Tory, must take him for one that is very prone to vitiate the Beauty of Religion, where he apprehends his Insinuations may pass with most facility.

Indeed he's but a Pander in Masquerade to the swarthy *Roman* Strumpet, nor can he more advantage Protestant Profession, than a comly Form can receive a reputation from the correspondency of a Pimp.

If



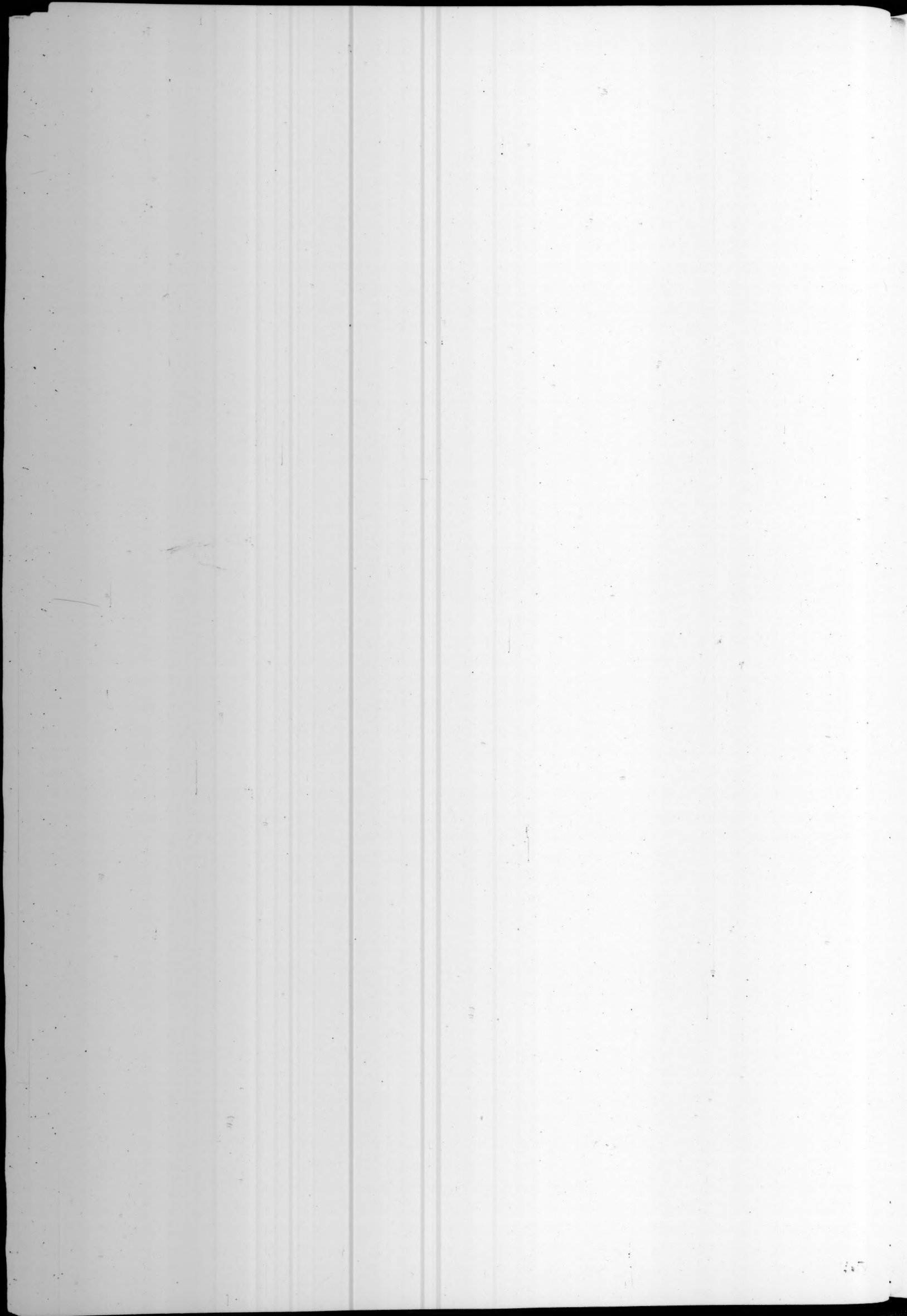
P R E F A C E.

If a small dridging from Mrs. Cellier's Meal-tub can serve to whiten men sufficiently for this service, no judicious man will envy such a Motly Interest, though they are as sharp set in devising a Protestant-Plot, as ever a *Scotchman* was to swallow Oat-Cake.

Where they are most inveterate, to be sure it is against men of discretion, and such as will not allow the most formidable nonsense an easie passage to the sense of the People, whereby such as they please might be rendered Capital Delinquents. And this may be a main Reason why this Poetafter is so hot with Men of the *Ignoramus* Party:

But he may remember for his own sake, that such a judicious dozen would never miss finding of an Office for a Fool, as I suppose in their Apprehensions they may Judge somebody——but I spare him, until there may issue a Writ to that purpose, in behalf of *Pernassus*.

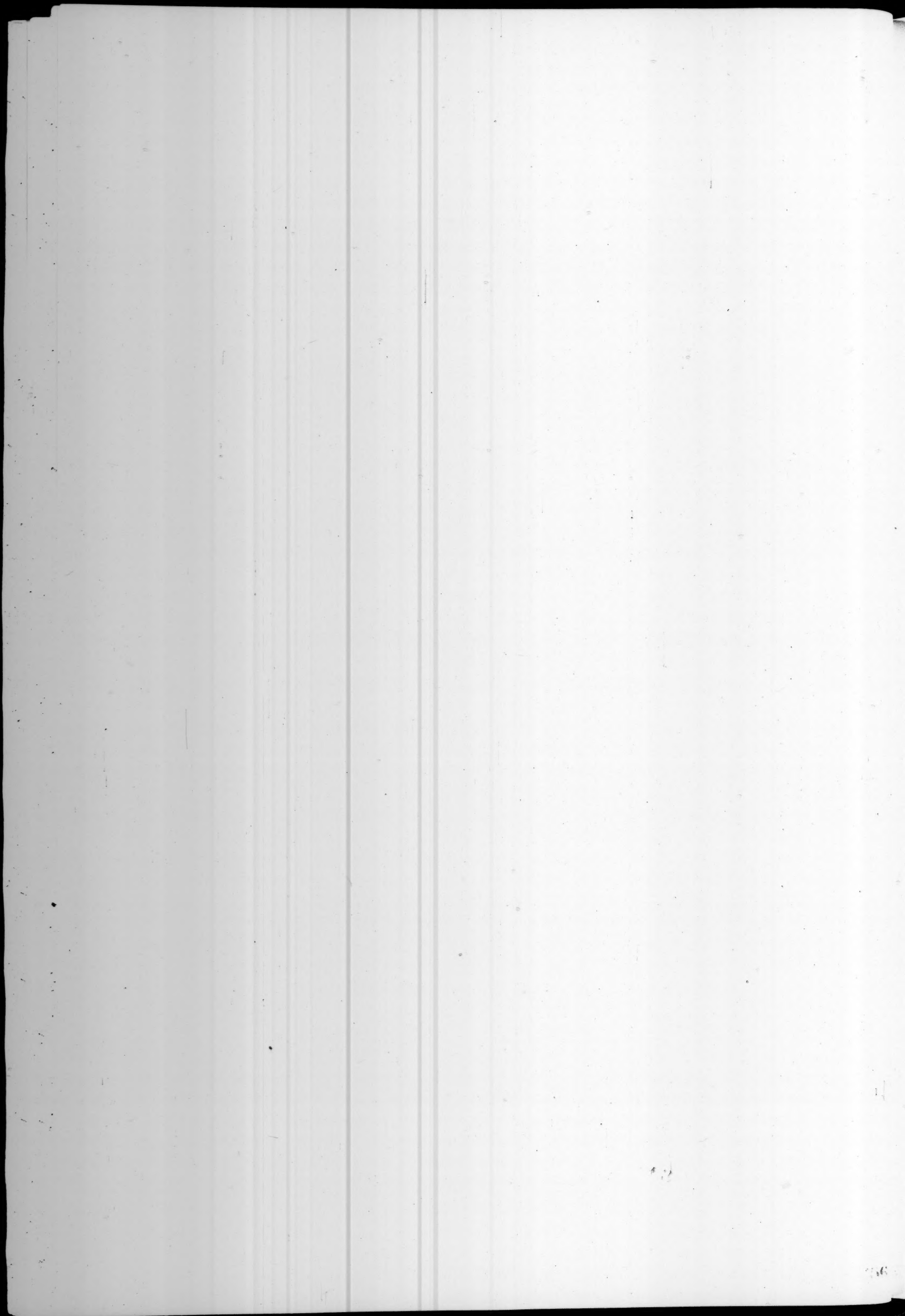
In the mean time he may take what security he can from the predominant Face of ridiculous Malice, that does not a little intoxicate men of his Complexion. If there were any thing on the account of the House of Commons tendred as an Association against Popery, surely this were a weak foundation to bear the weight of



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a Conspiracy to be erected against his Majesty, or to assert on its bulk the big and odious Treasons imputed to the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, because such a proceeding was in order to its ultimate Confirmation from Royal Authority, together with the Manner of its impowring in the Intervals of Parliament, as whosoever shall impartially read the pretended Paper, and how it refers, may plainly apprehend.

But tho this Aerial Monster, call'd a Protestant Plot, is puff'd towards the *Alps*, in spite of all our Northern *Banditi*, that would even Out-law the Religion of their Nation, provided they might assure its belief: And this too by Insinuations sufficiently prepar'd for the gust of the Nation as occasion offers: And all to perplex or tacitely guide men to conceive that there was no real Popish Conspiracy, or to abate its credit, that it may drown in the Ocean of a pretended Protestant Contrivance. Yet certainly it will be very difficult by any such Artifice to impose the wrong side of their Perspective on any unbiass'd apprehension. And to assure them farther, they may take it for an undoubted Maxim, That supposing all a Fiction that has been either done, or attested to be intended Popish Contrivements; nay more, were there
neither



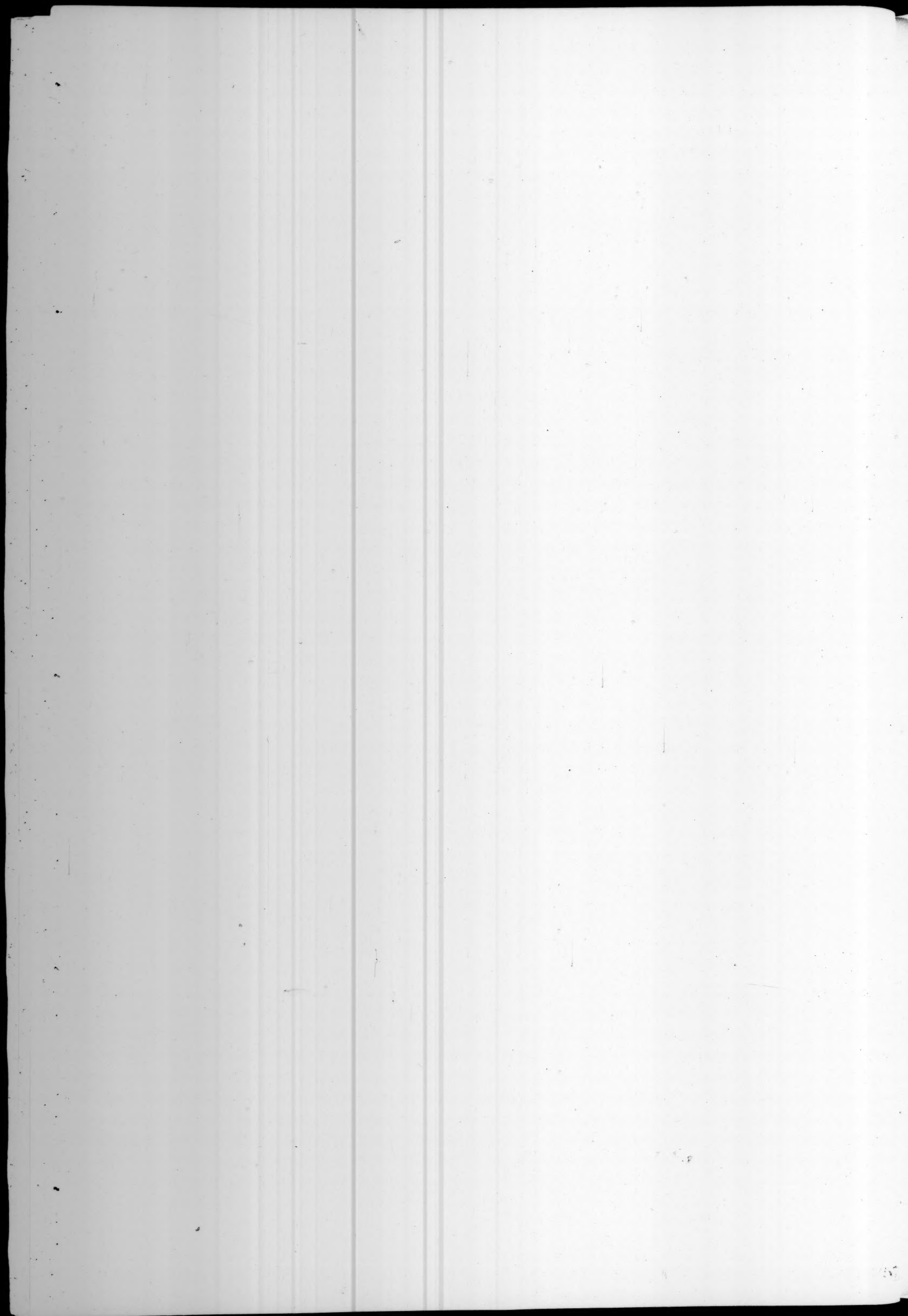
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neither Priest, Jesuite, nor Papist in the Nation, yet so long as there is a conception of a Papist in the Succession, this alone shall enough confirm the most judicious, that there has been extant a superlative *Romish* Design, it being highly improbable that an Opinion so prejudicial to the Interest of the Nation, could be in such a person by any other Measures produced.

I have no more to say to him, and his *Terry Friends*, by way of Argument; but rather greet him in Conclusion as Poetically as he can pretend to deserve.

He tells us in his latter end of his Preface of a Divine that undertook to confute his Poem, *Abalom* and *Achitophel*, from Texts of Scripture, when he might have done it with far less Labour, or as a Doctor of *Oxford* said, in opposition to somewhat a greater Clerk, *Bellarmino thou liest*. And I suppose this Author must have granted the Epithete of *Saucy Jack* that way, since none are bolder Lyers, and no less egregious Thieves than such as plunder mens Fames, and next expose such Thefts, by the Brocage of an Impression, unto Publick Sale.

But the Good Man it seems mistook his Adversary, who tells us in his Poem his apprehensions of Priest-craft, in opposition
tion



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tion to Poligamy of Love ; which was no small assurance that the best Wit of Scripture would be lost on such a persuasion. And yet he is not thought so much an Enemy to some Sacerdotal Craft, now going, as not to commit it to Rhime, provided he be paid for the Musick.

If to credit his Compositions, he did avow that he has been oppos'd with little Wit formerly, to be sure he will pretend to the same Confidence in respect of this Answer, and if he does, he may the more safely provoke a Reply, or rub his Forehead, and gravely contemn it. It being alike Concern to the Author, whatsoever he shall determine either as to Ingenuity or Conscience.

THE



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T H E

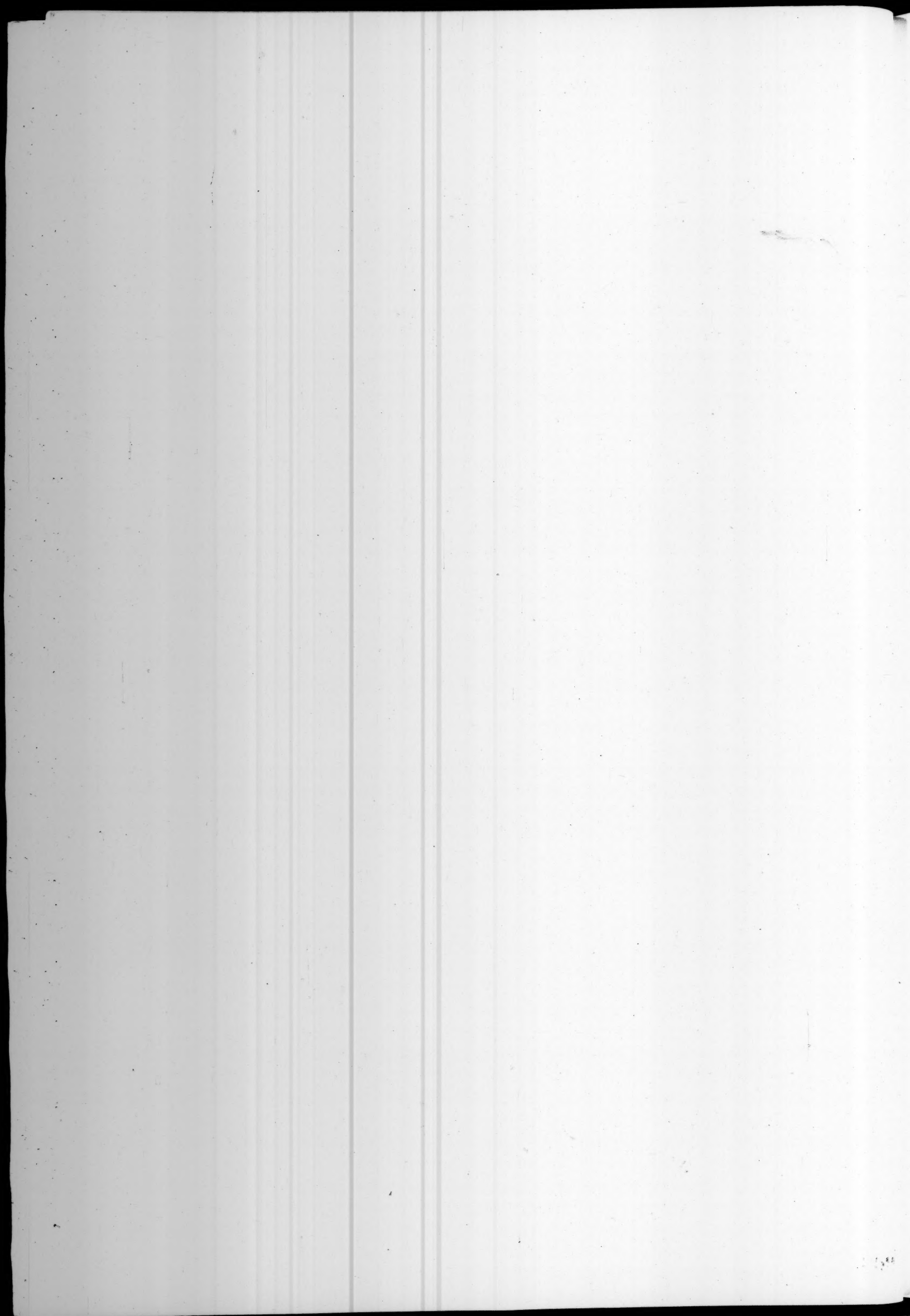
LOYAL MEDAL

V I N D I C A T E D.

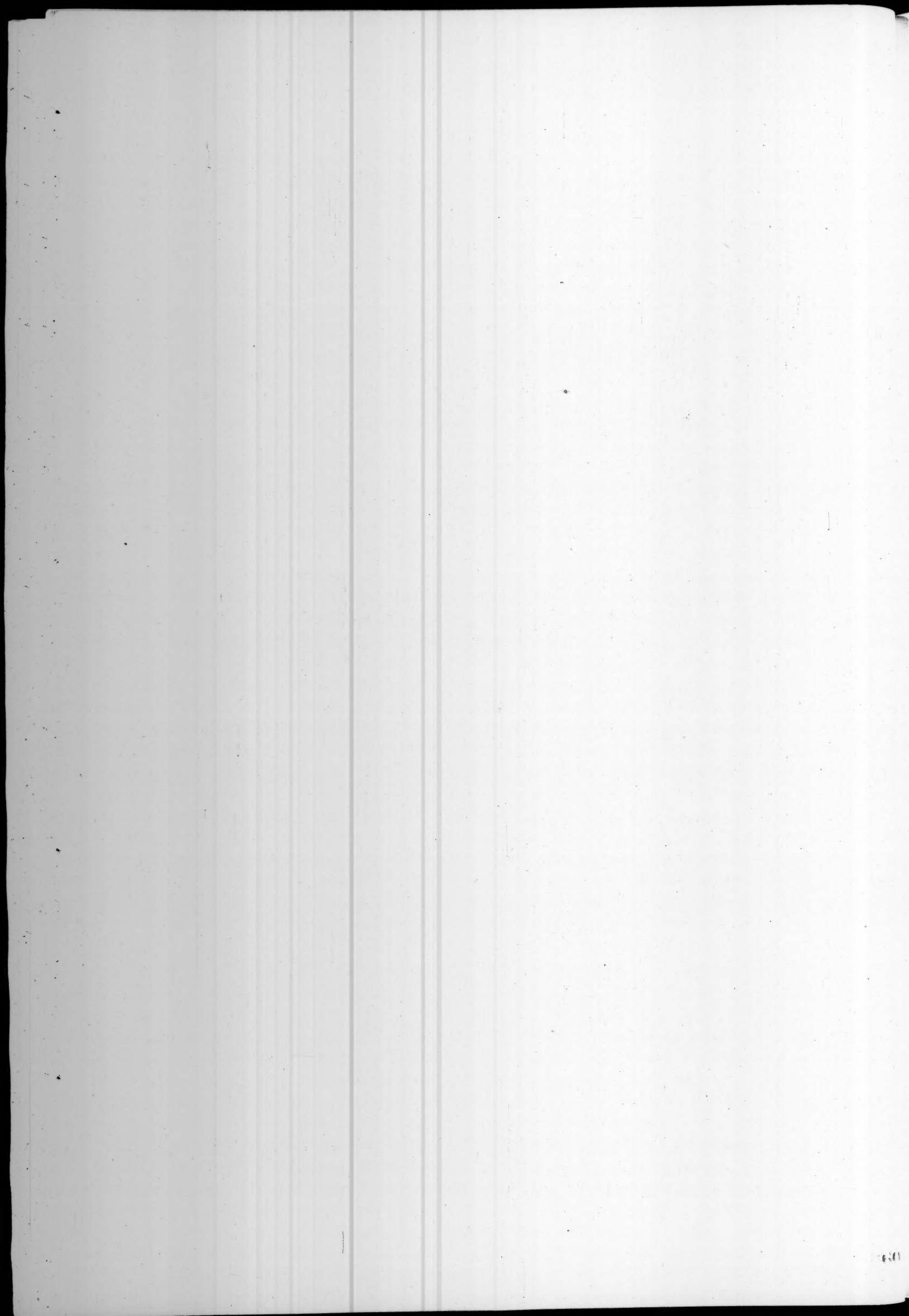
IF nothing can the Worth of Men excuse,
When meanly blasted by a skulking Muse,
If what's against Humanity and Sense,
Finds from the World an horrid Complaisance,
If one must flout another's Mold or Face,
Because Discretion there has ancient place;
Then let thy Hireling-Verse such Fictions raise,
As long may fatten thy desertless Praise.
But may Heaven stay thy much Licentious Pen,
When to spite Faces thou shalt write again,
Lest thou thy Sovereign's Image next shouldst
stain,
Since Looks and Men thou dar'st traduce for
Gain.
And all t'allow thy Forehead so much Brass,
As stiles thee there a stigmatized Ass:
Whilst even the Image that's abus'd by thee
Exalts the Worth of its Epitome:
And in the Life, to wonder, does contain
A Soul infeeble by its Bodies pain;
As if in him alone Heaven had design'd
Most to exempt Infirmary of Mind.

C

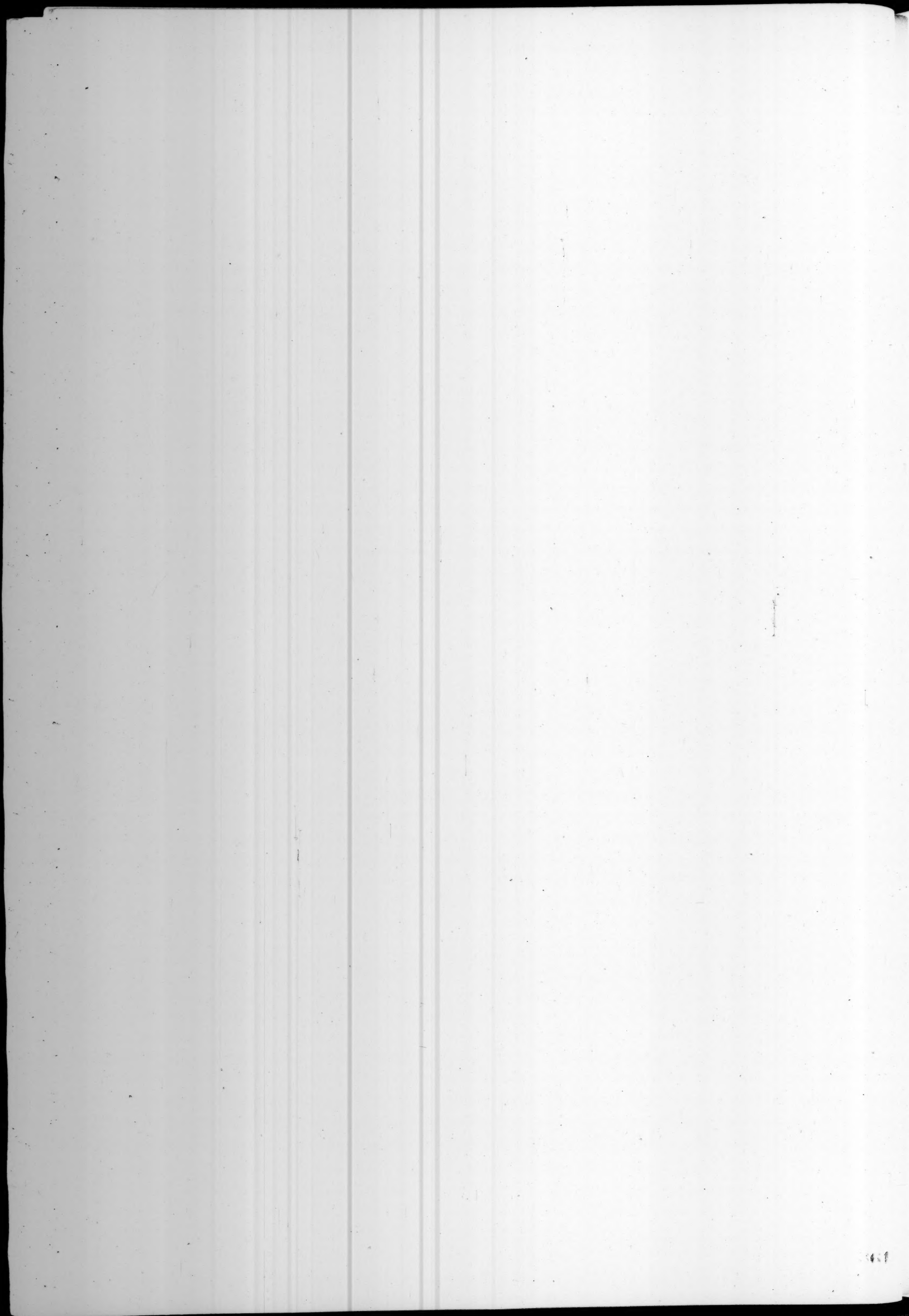
Some



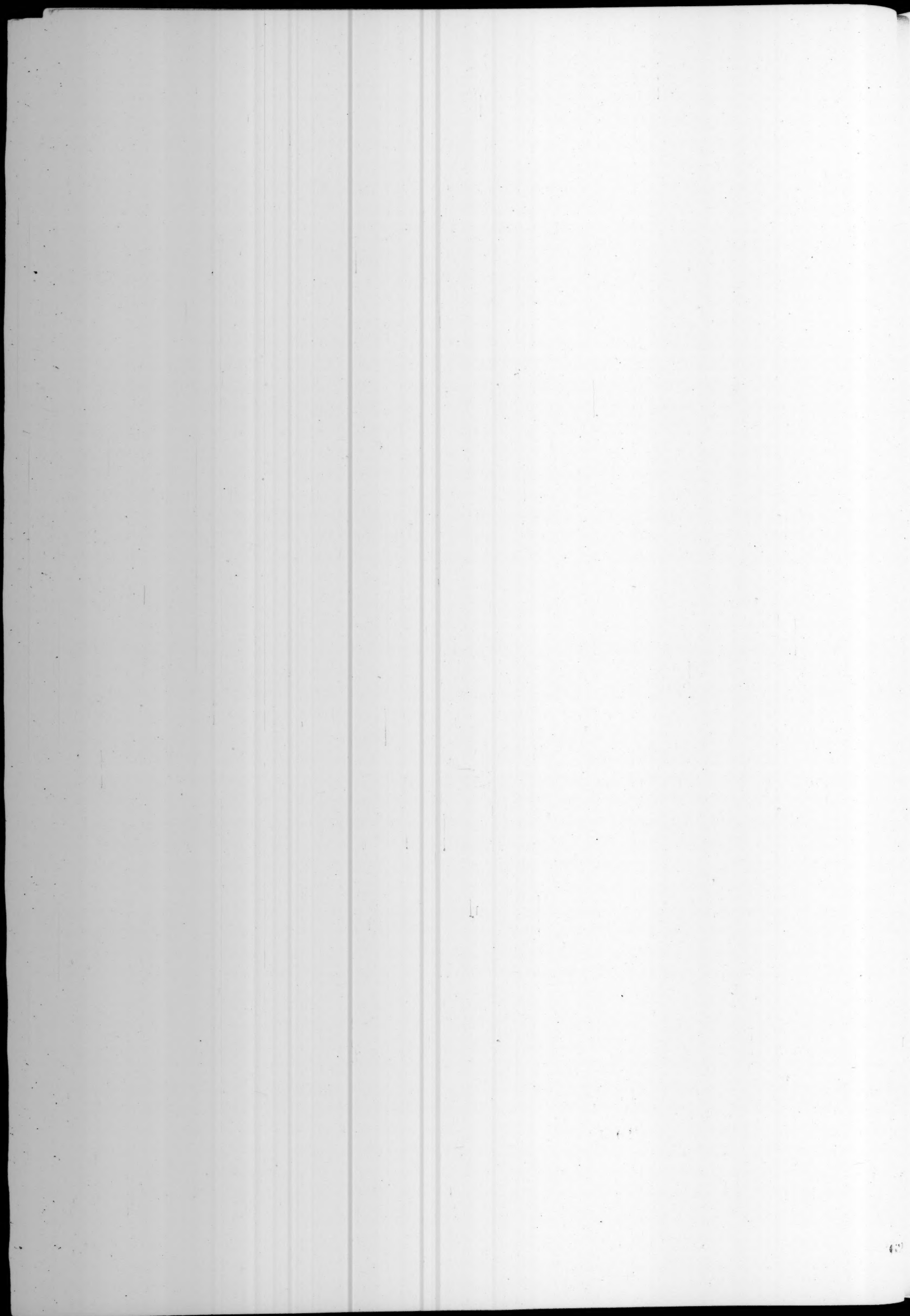
Some that to Hero's past gave mighty Frame,
 To wondrous Bulks allow'd their *Humane* Frame;
 But had thy much in little been their Toyle,
 Thy Gyant Soul had more enlarg'd their Style:
 So hard a Task for Nature to convey,
 She can but Limb thy Spirit in her Clay.
 The Artist that so strictly did comply
 To give thy Wise remembrance to our Eye,
 Did only miss what Figure cannot show
 In that Compendium representeth you:
 As 'tis to Skill stupendious to impart
 What the Soul's Life in you requires from Art.
 Unkinder Men that spitefully admit
 The horrid Untruths of mistaken Wit:
 Judging they add unto their Vulgar Cheat,
 If they can Merit by low Frauds abate:
 In *Fear* the *World* should throw off their disguise,
 And see with Reasons and Compassions Eyes,
 A just discernment from the many due,
 Tho' but the Talent of the Wiser few:
 Whilst with a Brave Assurance you dispense
 To leave to scorn such hated Impudence.
 What strength of Verse sufficient is to raise
 The steady Greatness that assures thy Praise!
 Law it secur'd in spite of strong Design,
 Or Fierce Assaults a Tripple League could joyn;
 Heaven did deter thou shouldst be ruin'd so,
 And shew'd thy value in thy safety too.
 What then remains for Measures to set forth,
 More than to clear the outside of thy Worth!
 Which



Which though a Pen endeavour'd to defile
 Thy Image, so far we'll presume to file.
 The man of Meteor that did much combine
 To help the feigning of a bad Design,
 And in his Mock *Achitophel* did plod
 To gain some *Tories* gracious Smile or Nod ;
 Which might have been, if with the Jury Toyes,
 He'd feign'd *Goliath* then at Trap with Boyes.
 As'tis an odd Ridicule that complies
 To grant what is Incongruous in Lies.
 How senseless Wicked are the fram'd Intrigues,
 Thy Foolish Rhime Associates into Leagues :
 Yet even this *Earl* thou mak'st thy *Trumpets* voice,
 To sound Sedition by thy Windy Choice.
 And by this Call, Great *Monmouth* dar'st awake
 To own the Property which thou dost make :
 Then bring'st them into deep Consult and Tale,
 How this or that vain Fiction may avail.
 How that *Duke* may a spruce *Knight-Errand* show,
 And vent *Chimera's* may the King undo.
 Then Cajole Crowds by some such *specious Knack*,
 As thy Prince *Noll* was made a Publick Quack:
 Then clap a Crown upon his Head by chance,
 Against the Power of Successor, or *France*.
 Then Sheriffs, Juries, and the Prudent City,
 Design'd, as thou call'st, Silly Traytors, Witty.
 And all this to invite Men to deplore
 The very *Mouth-Guns* which thou mad'st to roare:
 Which may assure thee that no Partial Jest,
 Convey'd thy open Scandals to our Test.



Tho' much th' inveigleſt dangers to the State,
 Tho' Wit thou filcheſt, and much didſt tranſlate;
 Tho' many Traytors thou of men doſt make,
 That love Religion for Religion's ſake;
 Their Laws and Nation, as beſt Subjects ſhould,
 Are not Impreſ'd by Arbitrary Mold:
 And muſt from all this juſt Confefſion bring,
 That none need ſay *from Theſe God ſave the King*.
 May n't Time yield largely this to be confeſt
 By ſome Abhorrencies, not yet Addreſt:
 Such as may purge the artificial Dirt
 That Impious Pens and Counſels daily flirt:
 Or, to uphold a State-trick, dare Conſpire
 How men may perjure often by their Hire:
 And next againſt Humanity comply,
 That Fame and Perſon ſhall together die.
 If ſuch were *Shaftſburies* deliberate Foes,
 As much in likenefs their bad ſtory goes;
 Well might the People ſhouts and gladneſs join,
 To ſee him clear'd, in ſpight of vile Deſign:
 They ſaw the Harpies did upon him wait,
 Their Talons ſtain'd in Blood of modern date:
 And thoſe perhaps could Preſidents produce
 Of men that guiltleſs dyed for publick uſe.
 As doubtleſs 'tis a Knack of vaſt pretence,
 That cheats the common with a private ſenſe:
 Or from a ſpecious Practice carried on,
 Colours undoing for fear of being undone:
 Which anxious thought ſo reſtleſs renders *Time*,
 Contrives to fall with ſuch could tax the Crime.
Whence

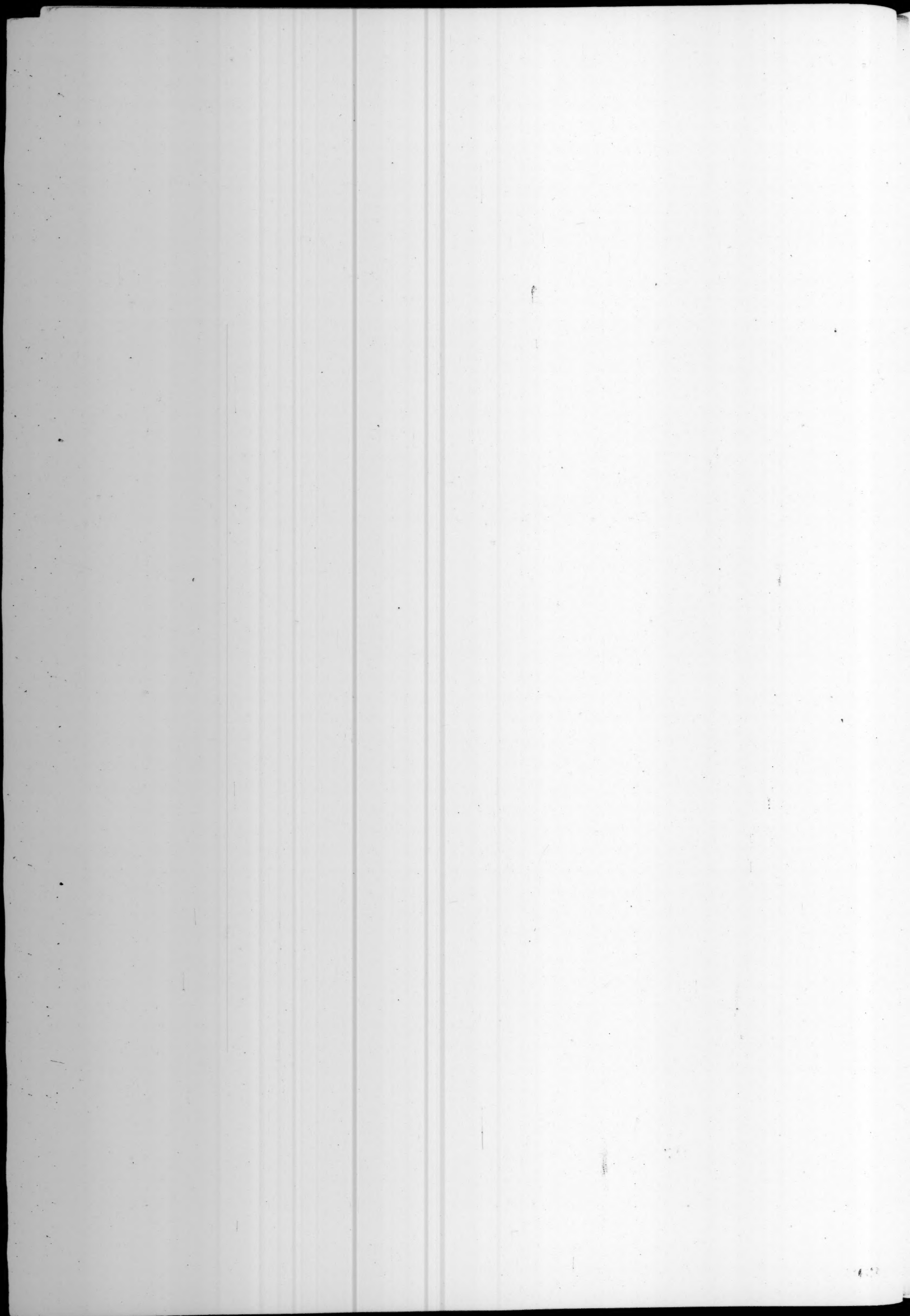


Whence oblique Statists seem, by maxim taught,
 To lop the Head that best discerns their fault.
 If Laws Tribunal need no force from Art,
 Or short Rob'd-*Bravo* that o're-bawls his part;
 Much wonder 'tis how some deform its Look
 With so much Waxen Nose unlimb'd, from Book,
 Which handled quaintly by some Gowned Peer,
 Most Puppet-like, 'tis wriggled here and there.
 Though sure Mans Reason never understood
 How dubious Cavils aim at Publick Good;
 Or that Law should so odd a Kernel close,
 As *Jeffery's* Noise, instead of Nutcrack shows;
 Or *Sanders*, that for Charters bids so fair,
 'Gainst next Kings time, or Justice sits in *Eyre*.
 Great *Tully*, who, 'tis said, had Brain as big
 As any *Tory* Advocate, or *Whigg*,
 Confess'd he did stupendiously behold,
 How deeds of *Augurs* were to *Augurs* told;
 And not the Men ingenuously admit, (Wit.
 That laughter well might greet their doubtful
 So of the short-Robe most can truly say,
 Their many puzzles cast much Sense away :
 Tho' we'll not farther here pursue this Text,
 Lest they should mock themselves when they
 plead next.

And tho wife *Shaftsbury* has found a Loop
 (Which some call *Ignoramus* by a Trope)
 To pass the Files of this destroying Robe,
 Tho broad's their Figure in our *English* Globe.
 Yet all this done, and nothing brought to pass,
 Worth any Clerks Record, or studied Ass.

D

Tantivy

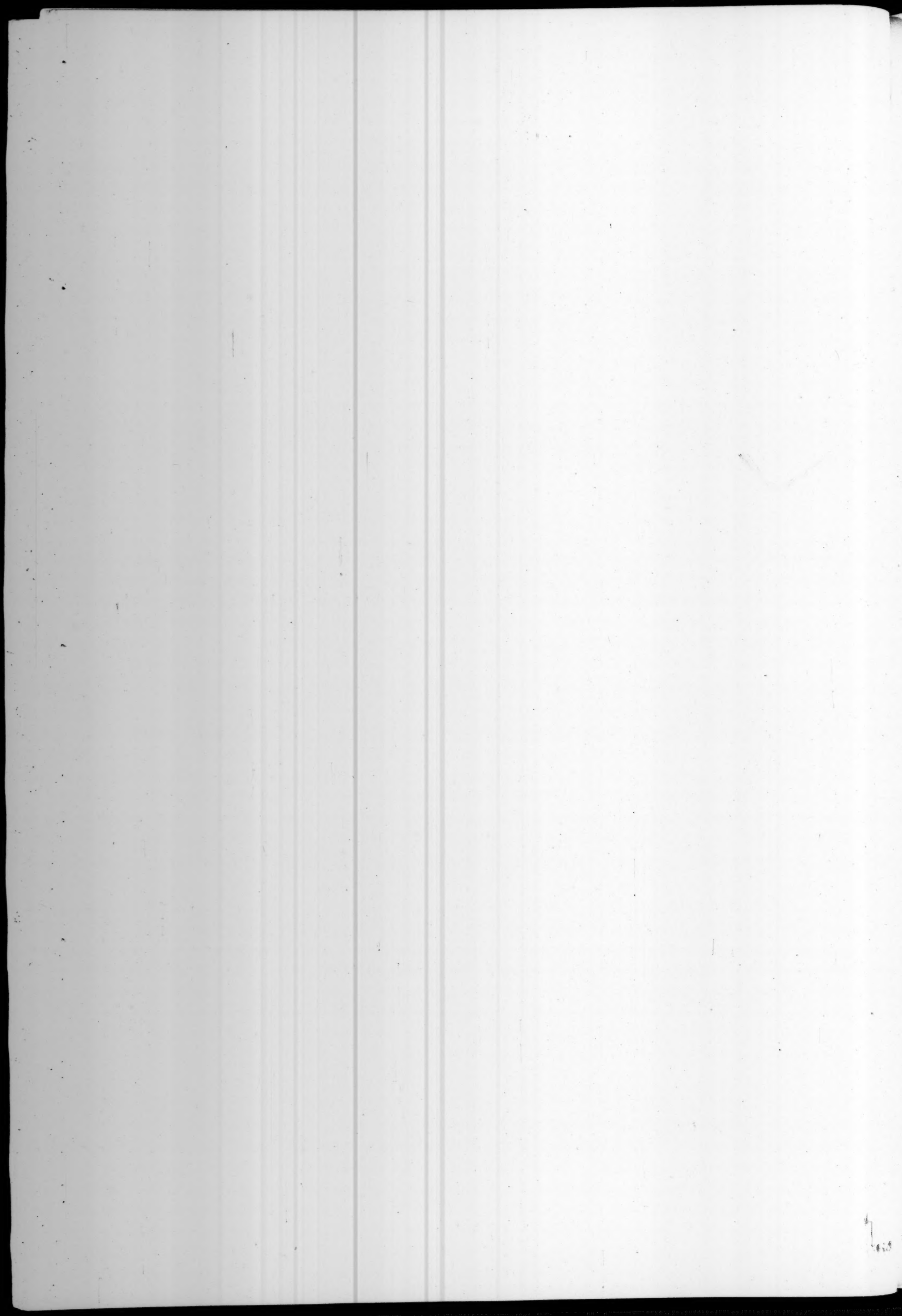


Tantivy Levites still their heats apply,
 Admiring in Church-Sense he did not dye.
 Since they observ'd he never would Intrigue
 How to maintain at home a *Roman* League;
 Or yield that Motly Faith should so prevail,
 As Superstition would design its Vail.
 From whence enrag'd, they *Pulpit-Cushions* beat,
 (The small Earl sure had dy'd with Blows less
 Great)

And in their Pious Choller much enlarge,
 How Holy in their Sense appear'd his Charge.
 Or ought to be believ'd, 'twixt fit and just,
 If long and short-Roab'd Men have Souls of
 Trust.

Yet such when warp'd will alwayes so decide,
 As Faith and Law may with them lean aside.
 Who'd not the Conduct of this *Earl* call great,
 That could Designs Intrigu'd like these defeat:
 And with a Conscience too, so far unstain'd,
 The Verdict lessen'd what within he gain'd?
 Well might he wish his Breast Transparent were,
 That his worst Foes might see his Figure there:
 And by Inspection forc'd to yield the Lie,
 And foolish Guilt of their Conspiracy:
 For never Man to Ruine was Design'd,
 Where Malice with less Circumspection joyn'd.
 The Fiend that reach'd to God's forbidden Tree,
 And gave Man thence the Sweets of Misery;
 Added allurements to his shaken Will
 Of being more wisely Great, in being Ill.

Which



Which like the Guilt, that most infects his Race,
 Found in his clearer Sense an erring Place.
 But had the Devil with his Assault then joyn'd
 Some Imps Gross Oath, to aid what he Design'd,
 Our first great Parent might have escap'd his fall,
 Or had this Peer been him, he'd sav'd us all.

As 'tis a God-like Confidence that can
 Assure, by Wisdom, Guiltless Fame to Man.

Who'd of this Poetaster then complain,
 Or that Curs bark at sublime things in vain:
 Tho' none e're held, when such the Moon did Bay,
 That the less steady seem'd in her Bright Way.

And next let them advance their Paper Kite,
 Th' Association, none know who did Write.

Let them Abhorrence form, then spread the Cry
 To such think noise of Treason cannot lye:

For as ('tis Jok'd) the Holy Ghost was sent
 By most in Sacred Cloak-bag unto *Trent*:

So Fame assures that *Tories* near at hand

Convey this Sacred Trifle through the Land.

And this quick Jobb, forc'd by such Plodders on,
 Must call to count, forgiven Forty One.

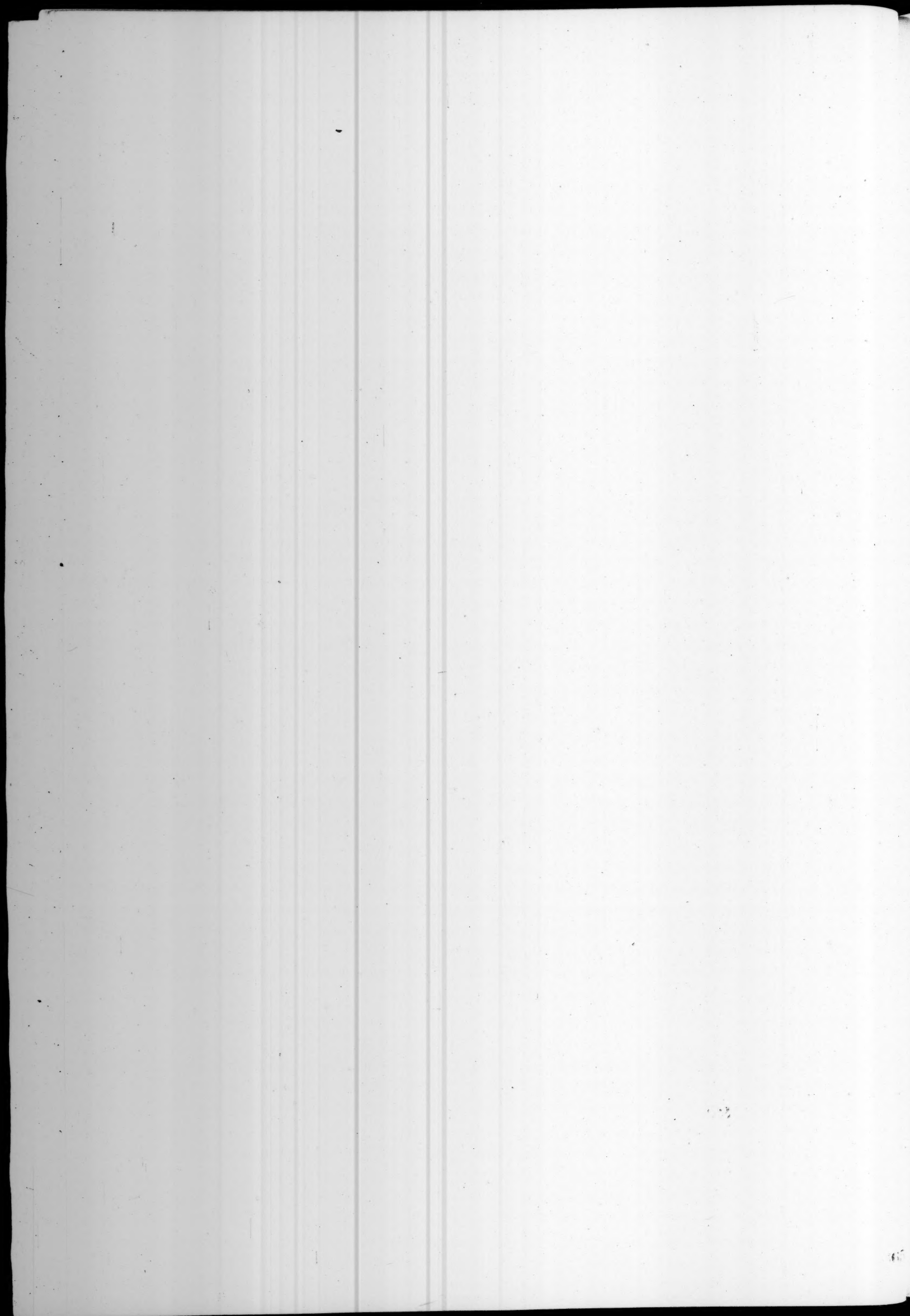
By which endeavour of such heatful Men,
 Affairs are postur'd now as some were then:

Yet to the present no more like can be,
 Than things that by their Essence disagree.

Which well computed duly does declare

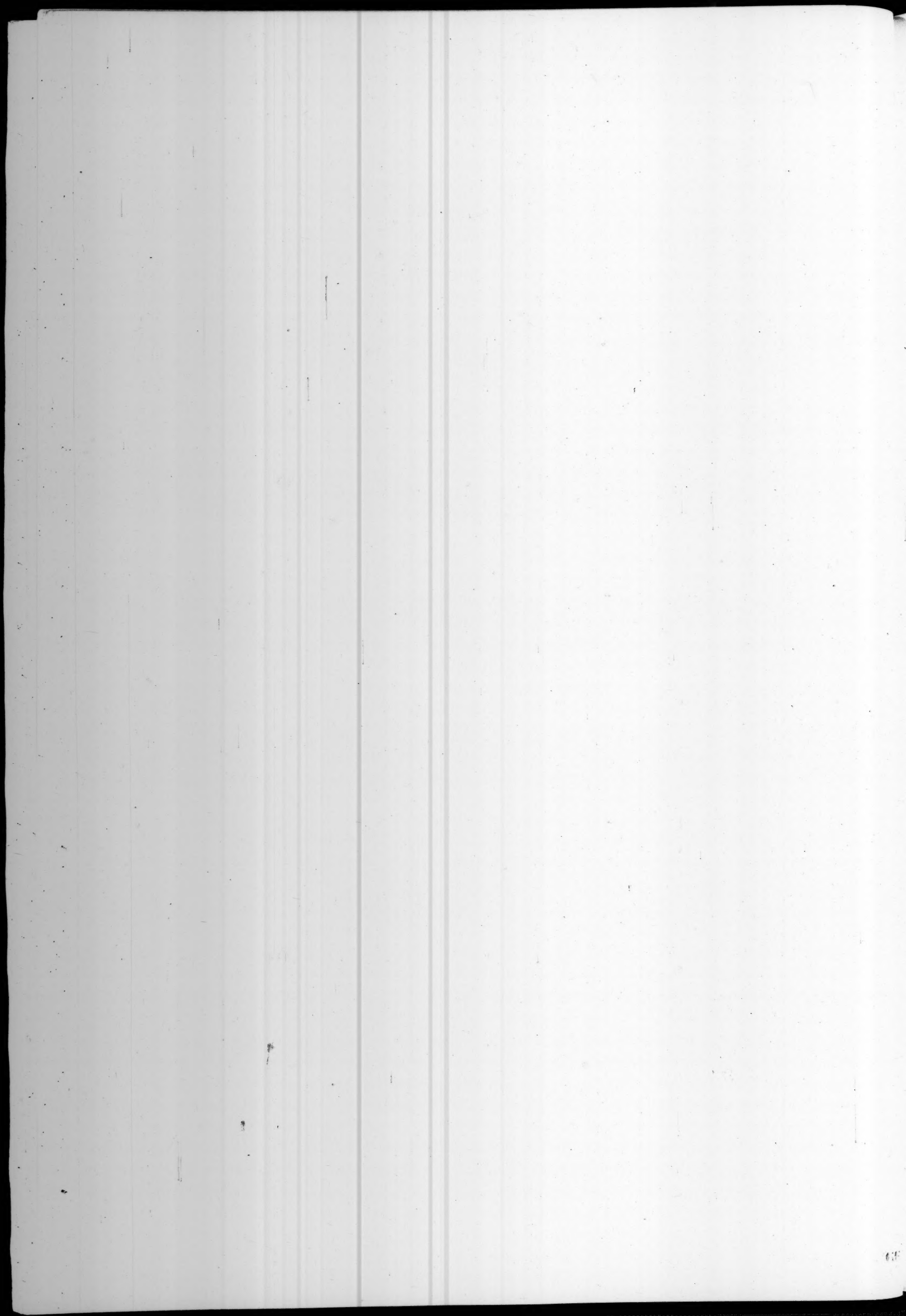
How false the fram'd account of others are.

Though *English* Blood be pronely apt to Boil
 From the high Ferment of its Nations Soil:



Fierce in Extreame, if heightned to be so,
 And when it cools it gently cooleth too.
 No People strictlier their Allegiance prove,
 When guided by the Helm of Laws and Love.
 And tho they've often Revolutions had
 Of Ancient Cast, and Modern vilely bad ;
 Which did to such perplexities relate,
 They seem'd th' extreame and intricace of Fate ;
 Yet none had e're more difficult to compose,
 Than what is granted now their Popish pose ;
 And 'tis to best State-Criticks yet unknown,
 How *Rome* can add a Jewel to our Crown ;
 Or how the Soul, when guided in that Path,
 Can be enthron'd *Defender of our Faith*.
 For as the Souls of Princes needs must be
 Best Props of Subjects Faith and Liberty ;
 So when all these their different Measures shew,
 Who'd not deplore the Fate may thence ensue ?
 Our Royal *Henry* who did first desie
 The Triple Guilt of *Rome's* Sovereignty,
 And in that mighty Act appear'd more great
 Than all before possess'd his Glorious Seat :
 As what can Heaven so great to King dispence,
 As when his Title's rais'd to Faith's Defence ?
 How might his Ashes blush, if of his mind
 Cinders with Princely Dust were left behind :
 Since *Rome*, despis'd by him, attempts to raise
 The scatter'd Ruines of her impious days ?
 And tho no Subjects Deeds such Greatness claim
 As more peculiar is to Kingly Fame,

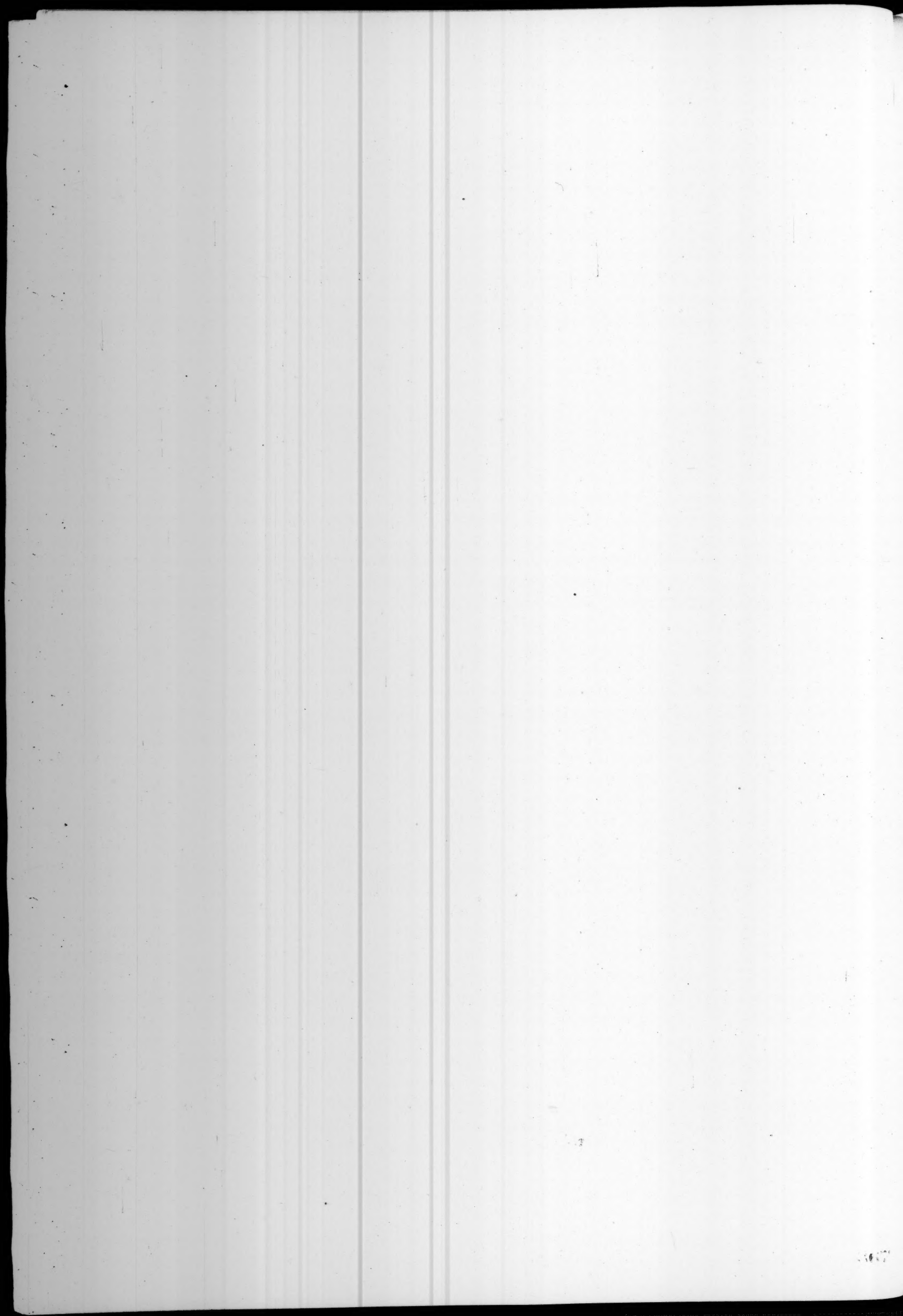
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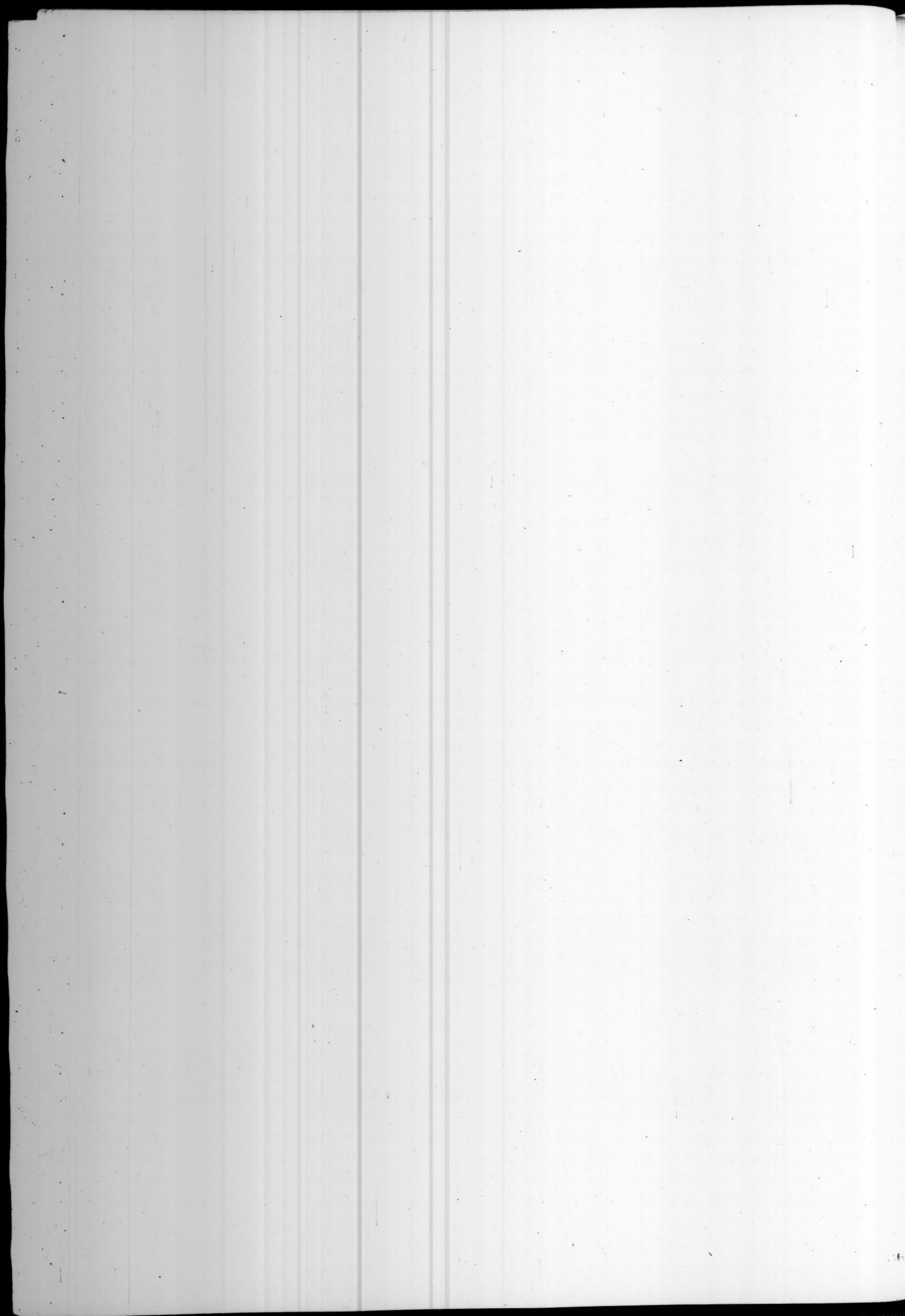
Yet next to that we may Encomiums give
 To such as most our now Defenders live.
 With whom thy Figure *Shaftsbury* we'll own,
 Clear in thy Soul and thy Religion shown,
 Remembrance far more lasting is thy due,
 Than what thy Image seen in Steel can shew.
 Time may in course decay that by its powers,
 With what dependence has on Wings of Hours.
 Yet when it so does thy Oblivion see,
 Fame must preserve more lasting Steel for thee.
 Usurped Powers that did our Nation guide,
 Thou didst for *God's* sake and our *King's* divide, }
 And by *thy Wit* gain'dst him the stronger side. }
 Wit, that *Briarius* Hands dost best dispose,
 (Or Crowds or Armies representing those)
 Thy sense so practically did convey,
 As Thou for *Monk*, some tell, didst get the day :
 Nor does it render his Atchievment less,
 If thought, with Thine, his Counsels had success.
 Well might distractions yieldingly comply
 To such a *Mars*, and thou his *Mercury* :
 'Twere endless to recount what strange *Intrigues*
 Of Armies heighten'd by *Clandestine Leagues*,
 Thy Wisdom pierc'd, with such advantage too,
 As thy Sense levell'd all they thought to do.
 Nay from their stiffer Conscience didst obtain
 An easie yielding to our Sovereign's Reign.
 This might commend thy Figure by Decree,
 To live with Kings and *English* Memory :
 But Modern Tales so Artfully are made,
 That ancient Merit first aside is laid.

E

Tho



Tho Souls of Princes most conspicuous shine,
 That longest Grace to past deserts assign :
 And make it to the World serenely known,
 They are too great to be ingrateful shown.
 If few their Royal Masters this advise,
 Tis because they are thankless or unwise :
 Or judge it fits some Princes Humour best,
 When Merit from their Perspective is least.
 And in this narrow Conduct next conspire
 How by depressing others to rise higher.
 No pitch of Glory is from Malice free,
 Till Man above keeps Angels company.
 Some that Similitudes to Courts will strain
 (Or Superstitions that way best maintain)
 Sweeten their Earthly Figures so to men,
 As if their Paradise did bloom again :
 Or that the Pageant Glory of their Sphere
 Could guild the *Mischiefs* somtimes growing there.
 And 'tis perhaps their sense, because they prize
 The Beams shed there by Womens *Charming Eyes* ;
 And that they don't perceive the *treacherous Snake*,
 With all the *Glides* and *Changes* it does make :
 Or else 'tis Paradise, they mean, revers'd ;
 Where Innocence may fall, or be aspers'd,
 And our first Father's Glory so excell,
 As that a *lapse* ensues for *doing well*.
 Great *Essex* thus, and Noble *Sunderland*,
 After beheld the Serpents Tongue and Hand,
 And tempting Fruit of *Rome's* forbidden Tree
 Declin'd, because their Tastes did disagree.
These



These that from such Great Fathers did descend,
 That liv'd so Loyal, and so brave did end:
 Such that to aid their Sovereign did bestow
 All that their *Blood* and Worldly help could do.
 And what continues Glory to their Name,
 An Issue left, as live all to their Fame:
 Yet 'twixt them and their Lineage seems to be
 Not less Fame's Riddle than Diversity.
 For what to Men more various wonder brings,
 Than when one Duty cannot serve two Kings.
 And this approves the Case of these Great Peers,
 Whose Faith and Virtue no man justly fears:
 True Greatness then declines to joyn its part,
 Where *Conscience* must too *tamely* guide the Heart.
 Then *Essex*, let it add to thy Renown,
 Thou dost thy Interest less than Duty own.
 No humorous discontent thy Soul inclin'd
 To leave the Court, but greatness of thy Mind.
 And what, like thee conspicuous, few have done,
 Left unto others hopes the rising Sun:
 With such their *Faith* could *swerve*, and next agree
 Their Conduct to its Excentricitie:
 Great *Capel's* Spirit sure had done the same,
 Had he liv'd now, to add unto his Fame.
 Thus many Nobles, *Shaftsbury*, comply
 To aid thy firmest strength and Constancy:
 They saw how *clear* thy *Souls* bright *Steel* must last,
 After refin'd by such endurance past.
 Had *Hercules* so Fam'd Assistance knew
 His Great Atchievements had more equal'd you.

Designs of Foes could compass his Great fall,
 Thou hadst more *numerous*, yet *withstoodst* them all.
 Nor canst thou fall by any stress of Fate,
 But vaster *Ruines* thence must ground their *date*.
London, that to a Second *Troy* aspir'd,
 Tho Foes and Flames had first her end *conspir'd*;
 Must on its firmest Glories doubtful stand,
 If lost (in thee) her wisest helping Hand.
 And doubtless ancient *Ilium* might have stood
 Longer from such a Force than *Hector's* Blood.
 No strokes of Fortune bring thy *Genius* lower,
 Or Weights so heavy that depress its power, }
 What could *Heaven* add to *strength of Prudence* more }
 Yet Fortune so far vanquish'd is by thee,
 That none thy Wisdom do successless see:
 Or such a Labyrinth that wants a Clew,
 Whilst still the Threed's so fitly spun by you:
 When future Time Invention strives to give,
 By which your Memory may longest live,
 Fame must be pos'd, unless you shall admit
 To leave your Image written by your Wit.
 Yet still by you *Memoirs* are so design'd, }
 Your Medal does oblige, in which we find }
 The outward Graces of so firm a Mind. }
 Tho in this Gift best Protestants allow,
 They're tempted even to Superstition too:
 As hard 'tis such a Patriot to admire,
 And not, than *Common man*, to grant him higher.

F I N I S.